128 E. 12th St.,

42 New York, May 5, 1867.

My Dear Garrison,

The day of your departure for Europe is at hand, and I cannot resist the impulse to send you a few words of affectionate farewell. I trust you will have a happy and prosperous journey, and that when you return you will find wife and children all here to greet and welcome you. I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed my recent visit at your house and the privilege of talking with you about things old and new. Especially do I recall with satisfaction our visit to Whittier and to Newburyport. You have been to me ever a true and generous friend, and I shall ever cherish for you the highest gratitude and esteem, and be thankful [redacted] for the Providence

that intertwined my own life so intimately with yours. God bless and keep you, and bring you safely home to your family and friends.

How sudden seemed the death of our friend Thankful Southwick! Are you not glad that we had that pleasant interview with her before her departure, and that our conversation turned so much upon the relations between this world and the next? It seems to me a somewhat striking coincidence, and perhaps our talk may have prepared her in some measure for the change. I am sorry I could not be with you at the funeral, to bear my testimony to her worth, and to speak a word of comfort to her children.

With love for Helen and all the rest of your household, I am, my dear Garrison,

Yours, faithfully,

Oliver Johnson.